

## GOOD COURAGE

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

The young soldier sought out a secluded corner of the public library, and seated himself in an attitude of dejection. The natty collar of his khaki uniform rested against his doubled hand, as he gazed, elbow on table, into space.

His, was a handsome face beneath wavy hair, even the somber eyes could not detract from its frank charm. "Cold day," volunteered a big man at his side; he ceased writing abruptly, his eyes seeking almost hungrily the speaker's face.

"Yes," he answered eagerly, "cold up in my boarding place too. That's why I came down here. Going away tonight to camp."

"So?" asked the big man. "Suppose all your folks will be down to speed the parting hero."

"No," the soldier replied, "you see I don't happen to have—any folks. Mother and dad, both died—last year. Broke up the home pretty sudden. Couldn't stand it there, afterwards, so came on to get a new position here." His voice dropped huskily. "City boarding houses aren't much like your real home," he added.

"So?" said the big man again. His tone lacked interest, furtively during the youth's quick confidence, his eyes had been scanning his paper. "Well, good night; good luck to you."

The face of the man in uniform resumed its tense lines, his lips curved cynically. "He should worry," he muttered.

"I beg your pardon," said a voice nearby, "were you speaking to me?"

The soldier turned hastily. Behind him, looking over the book shelves stood a girl, as she ended her question she came directly, taking the vacated seat.

"I was grumbling to myself," the man murmured confusedly.

The girl before him was such a pretty girl, her eyes were all aglow with the sympathy for which his very soul had hungered, her cheeks and lips were glowing, too, against the background of her furs. But with an absence of all self-consciousness she looked back at him, her tone was direct and impersonal.

"I heard all you were saying to that man," she said, "and I want to tell you that I am sorry. Have you no friends in the city?"

The soldier shook his head. "I have been here such a little while."

"Nor back there, where your home was?"

"Perhaps it is my fault that they have overlooked me," he admitted. "I—I kept to myself a good deal after my loss, and came away without even saying good-by. Everything seemed so different—"

The girl nodded. "Well, it doesn't much matter," she said brightly. "You will have many friends with you, comrades going together, a great bond of sympathy uniting you all. Oh—" she caught her breath and the man thrilled at her vibrant words, "it is such a glorious, wonderful thing to do, putting your life at your country's service. See here," impulsively she leaned forward. "I have been knitting things, sweaters, helmets, mufflers, for soldiers whom I shall never know, or see. Why can't I do the same for you? And write you letters? Would that help?" She laughed softly. "My friends tell me that I have a perfect genius for letter writing. You might ask me about anything special you wished to know, either here, or—where was your home?"

"Farmington," he announced mechanically, his eyes watched hypnotically her inspiring face.

"I could get the Farmington papers," she went on, "and mail them with my letters. It will be such a comfort to me, to feel that I am really helping ever so little. Why," she threw out her hands, "this is my one actual opportunity."

The somber light left the man's eyes, the natty collar was raised in true soldier style. "How could you do all that for a stranger?" he asked wondering, "you who know nothing about me."

"Nothing about you!" repeated the girl, she stood and looked at him across the book-laden table, then pointed to the tiny symbolic guns of his uniform. "There are your credentials," she said softly. "What more need I know of a man who goes to offer his life for my safety?"

"Your safety!" the soldier whispered. He, too, arose, and stood looking down upon her as one who suddenly sees a vision. "That is true," he said slowly, "that makes it worth while."

"Our country!" said the girl. "Our country!" the man repeated, and their hands met and clasped.

Briskly the girl picked up her muff. "At what time do you leave tonight?" she asked. He told her.

"I shall be at the station to see you off," she said, "and to bid you 'good courage.' You might write your name and address for me now," she suggested. "Mine will come in the first letter." And as the regimental train moved out of the station that evening a soldier with the light of victory in his eyes turned for a last look at a girl who stood cheerfully waving.

"Mighty pretty girl!" remarked a comrade. "Going to marry her?"

"If I do not, I shall never marry any one else," solemnly answered the soldier.

And later beneath the shade of a rosy lamp the girl bent smilingly over her knitting.

## "Length of the Law."

This phrase, "The length of the law," owes its origin to the enormous length of some of the parchment rolls upon which the ancient statutes of Great Britain were inscribed. The present-day official title of the "master of the rolls" is a reminder of this ancient custom. Some faint idea of the bulk of the English records may be obtained from the fact that a single statute, the land tax commissioners' act, passed in the first year of the reign of George IV measures when unrolled upward of 500 feet!—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

## Rose That Changes Color.

White in the shade, red in the sun—such is the twofold character that has given a name to the "chameleon rose." At night, or when it is carried into a dark room, it assumes a waxlike whiteness. This does not occur abruptly, but the petals first pass through a bluish tint, which rapidly changes into a very pale rose, and finally ends by becoming the purest white. Then, if it is taken into bright sunlight, with the greatest rapidity it resumes the scarlet tint of the most brilliant peony. This phenomenon comes from Japan.

## Man Imitates Nature's Works.

We have succeeded in penetrating the depths of the sea and the expanses of the air, in our contention for gain and progress, but these accomplishments are but of recent perfection. For thousands of years, for millions, the seas have been inhabited by finny monsters, and the air by winged creatures. The submarine and airplane are merely imitations, and the very colors and shapes of these forms have been found to be the most protective.

## Africa a Large Block of Land.

Nearly one-fourth of the earth's surface is comprised within the continent of Africa, and it is as far around the coast of Africa as it is around the world. Every eighth person of the world's population lives in the dark continent. The blacks double their number every 40 years and white every 80 years. There are 843 languages and dialects spoken among the blacks of Africa, but only a few of them written.—Vancouver Daily Sun.

## Queer Post Office Names.

Strange names have often been given to post offices in the United States. The latest list shows a place called Ace, in Missouri; an Affinity in West Virginia, a Barefoot in Georgia, a Bigfoot in Texas, a Blowout in Idaho, a Braggadocio in Missouri, a Chuckle in North Carolina, a Difficulty in Wyoming, and a Mud in Texas. The post office doesn't care, of course, so long as the name is written legibly and the county and state are given.

## No Better Combination.

It is a strange thing that people should voluntarily miss so much of beauty in their lives. But it is a fact that the present generation does not place as much emphasis upon the library in the home as should be placed. Make your library the center of your home. Buy good books and read them together. "For there is no friend like a book and a book."

## Plea for Architectural Harmony.

"Architecture is frozen music," but we would have to keep cotton in our ears if some of our rural architecture should thaw out. Why does the harmony we appreciate in music and painting not appear in our buildings, particularly in their relation to each other.—Frank A. Bourne, in the House Beautiful.

## Daily Thought.

Degrees infinite of luster there must always be, and the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to his race forever.—Ruskin.

## Worth While Quotation.

Learn to be pleased with everything; with wealth so far as it makes us of benefit to others; with poverty for not having much to care for, and with obscurity for being unenvied.—Plutarch.

## Forest Long Submerged.

While dredging a river in Russia, engineers discovered a submerged forest that covered several square miles, from which logs more than 100 feet long have been taken.

## Respect "Self-Made" Man.

Everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all.—Holmes.

## Would Make Thick Earth Crust.

The amount of land above sea level in the world would make a crust 600 feet thick if evenly distributed all over the globe.

## Matter of Disposition.

"How do they fish for pearls, dad?" "Well, some wives threaten and others nag."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Frames Cleaned.

To keep picture frames from becoming fly specked, rub them with water in which onions have been boiled.

## Optimistic Thought.

Remember kindnesses received; forget those we have done.

## CAPTIVE BALLOON

By EDNA PRICE WALLER.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Love will find a way, Josiah." "Not in this case, unless I am the pilot and guide. I have brought up my dead cousin's daughter, Winnie, since she was ten. I've seen to her education. She's a smart girl, though sometimes willful. I want to see her start in life right."

Josiah Leggett's neighbor smiled secretly. He knew, as did all the town, the old schemer handled a small income that came to Winnie, and undoubtedly benefited by the same. Furthermore, Winnie was an apt little housekeeper. "I have tried to bring Winnie and the clerk in my brother's store, Lem Dysart, together, because he is a saving, respectable young fellow. Winnie has had a notion about Rodney Blake. I've nipped his young affections in the bud."

"Blake is a pretty fine young man, all the same," observed the neighbor, and the speaker went his way mentally comparing young Blake with the carrot-headed, undersized Lem Dysart. Meantime, Winnie was going through a vivid ordeal. Her guardian watched her as a cat does a mouse. He had refused to allow Blake to call at the house, and Dysart was a frequent visitor. She despised the latter as much as she admired the manly object of her choice. They met, but under difficulties.

"It's got to end!" Rodney declared forcibly. "You are old enough to know your own mind and act upon it. Let us make a bold dash and end this wretched persecution."

"Oh, Rodney! You don't mean to elope?" gasped Winnie.

"Why not? They are driving us to that as the only outcome, aren't they?"

"We are watched so closely. See, Rodney, there is Mr. Leggett, now. He will see us," but Rodney slipped past a hedge with the hurried parting words:

"Be sure to see me tomorrow. I have a plan I want to tell you about."

The plan was the outcome of a suggestion made by an old boyhood friend of Rodney, one Bob West. They had not met for five years until the day previous, when Rodney had come across West on the street. They had a pleasant chat, and West divulged the fact that he was advance agent of a circus which was to pitch its tent at the edge of the town Saturday.

Rodney told him what he had on his mind; Winnie, always Winnie, and West showed a sympathetic interest. "Why, say," he remarked with friendly ardor, "I can help you out in a big way—the balloon."

"I don't quite understand," said Rodney vaguely.

"We have one. It goes up a thousand feet every afternoon. We advertise to give fifty dollars to any couple who will make the ascent with a clergyman and consent to be married way up in the clouds."

Rodney left his ingenious friend, filled with suppressed excitement. He managed to get a lengthy note to Winnie. He was around the circus before the Saturday afternoon performance. Winnie had induced her guardian to allow her to attend the entertainment. The latter, however, insisted that he accompany her.

"Here's your ticket," he said; "reserved seat near the band stand. I've invited Lem, and as soon as he arrives we'll come in and make a regular family group—he! he!"

And then he strolled about, and Winnie disappeared past the ticket taker, but as soon as her guardian was out of sight, darted out again, and two minutes later entered the tent before which the giant balloon was swaying. Inside was Rodney, and she fluttered to his side and was introduced to West, and the man in charge of the balloon.

"Don't get scared, little one," spoke the latter, a good-natured, fatherly looking man. "Everything is arranged to a T. Now, then, Mr. Blake, just tog up in that false beard and wig. And you, young lady, cover your pretty face with this fowling bridal veil. When I speak the word come out quickly, and hustle into the balloon basket before anybody recognizes you."

Josiah Leggett spent half an hour looking for Dysart. He came across him, with several hundred others, starting aloft at the balloon, which was descending from its aerial ascent.

"I say, why wasn't you on time?" censured Josiah. "Here Winnie has been inside the tent half an hour. Come on in, or they'll fill up our seats."

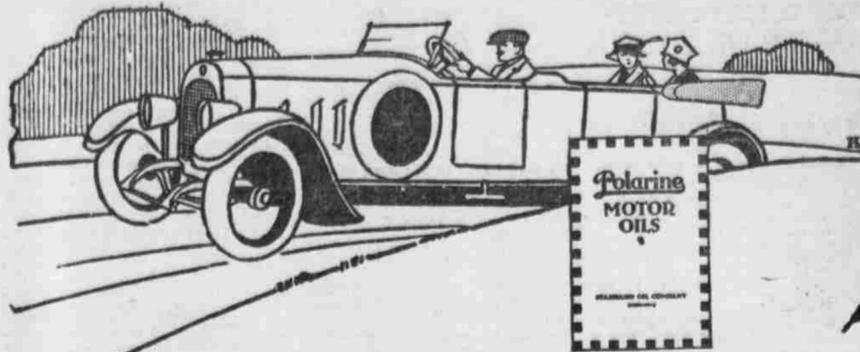
"Just a minute," spoke Dysart, continuing to gaze aloft. "This is lots of fun. Let's have a glimpse of the happy couple when they alight."

The wedding party was being borne gracefully to the ground. There was the man engineering the balloon. The bridegroom had removed his false beard and wig and was smiling into the face of the bride, her enveloping veil now drawn aside. The clergyman, all smiles, held his hands over their heads, delivering his blessing.

"Now hear the crowd guy them," began Dysart, and then he clutched the arm of his companion and nearly fell over—"Thunder!"

"Winnie!" gasped Josiah, and it was his turn to collapse.

And then, instead of gazing, as the crowd recognized Winnie, whom half the town adored, and Rodney, their prime favorite, they realized the situation fully, and amid enthusiastic cheers the happy twain stepped to terra firma, man and wife.



## THE CALL TO TOUR

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You can get Polarine wherever you go—a thousand miles from here. It's the safe oil to start with.

Look for the sign—it identifies a good dealer and a dependable oil.

Red Crown Gasoline is best for the long run—speedy, powerful, economical.

## STANDARD OIL COMPANY

(Nebraska)

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AUTO SERVICE — LADY ATTENDANT  
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30 HEAD OF  
WHITE FACE BULLS  
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For sale at the office of  
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Every pencil will dehorn 50 calves from 10 days to 10 months old for \$1.00. A profit of \$5.00 for any calf it fails to dehorn.  
Call at the office and get one.

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W. T. PRITCHARD,  
Graduate Veterinarian  
Eight years a Government Veterinarian. Hospital 218, south Locust St. one-half block southwest of the Court House.

## Sheep and Cattle FOR SALE

Farmers this is the year and the time of the year to get stock to eat up your rough feed. I have on hand and for sale 3000 feeding lambs and ewes, and 500 cattle. Come and talk to me.

C. H. WALTER,  
NORTH PLATTE.

THE IMPORTED  
PERCHERON STALLION  
"NABOB"

No. 97352

Will make the season of 1918 as follows:

Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at the Mogens Feed and Sale Barn, North Platte, Neb., beginning April 9th.

Balance of the week, except Sunday, at my farm six miles west of North Platte and three-fourths of a mile southeast of Birdwood switch.

NABOB was foaled May 24, 1913, and imported with his mother by North & Robinson, of Grand Island, in July, 1913. Was bred by M. Desprez, Department of Orne, in France. This horse weighs 1780, is clean and sound in every particular, and is as good as you will find anywhere.

We invite you to come and see this horse.

TERMS—\$15.00 to insure colt to stand and suck. If mares are disposed of or leave the country service fee becomes due and payable at once. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but should any occur stallion owner will not be responsible.

FRANK STROLLBERG,  
OWNER.

"TREMEAU"

No. 66676

DARK DAPPLE GRAY

Percheron Stallion

Will make the season of 1918 at my place five miles east of Hershey and seven miles west of North Platte on the Lincoln Highway

This stallion has passed the examination required by the government and was pronounced nearly perfect.

TERMS—\$12.00 to insure living colt to stand and suck. In case mare is disposed of, fee becomes due at once. Will not be responsible for accidents.

Chas. L. Leyoldt.

ESTRAY NOTICE.  
Taken up by the subscriber on his enclosed lands in Walker Precinct in Lincoln county, Nebraska, on the 14th day of February, 1918, an all red cow white on belly, no brand or marks of any kind, age about four years, weight about 160-lbs.  
April 8, 1918.  
A9-m10 DAN McNICKELE.

CATTLE  
We have at our place 1 1/2 miles east of Experimental Station 75 head of White Faced cows and calves for sale.  
ROBERTS BROS.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of Bruno O. Hostetler, Judge of the District Court of Buffalo County, Nebraska, made on December 3, 1917, and modified on February 1, 1918, for the sale of the real estate hereinafter described, there will be sold at the East Front Door of the Court House in North Platte, Nebraska, on May 23d, 1918, at 10 o'clock a. m. Standard time, on said day at public vendue, to the highest bidder, the following described real estate, to-wit: The undivided two-thirds of the North Half (N. 1/2) of the Northeast Quarter (N.E. 1/4), and the North Half (N. 1/2) of the Northwest Quarter (N.W. 1/4) of Section 17, Town 10, Range 29, in Lincoln County, Nebraska, upon the following terms, to-wit: One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000) to be due and payable in three years from April 1, 1917. Fifteen Hundred Dollars (\$1,500) to be due and payable in five years from said date, bearing Seven per cent (7%) interest from said date, to be secured by first mortgage on the whole of said one hundred and sixty acres, which mortgage shall contain a clause that the mortgagor shall pay all taxes that may be levied and assessed against said mortgage, and the purchaser shall pay the taxes on said premises for the year 1917, and all sums paid above said deferred payments, shall be paid in cash. Said sale shall remain open for one hour.

BENJAMIN ARMITAGE,  
As Guardian of Louise Morrison and Sidney G. Morrison, Minors,  
N. B. McDONALD,  
Attorney for Guardian.

LEGAL NOTICE.  
William A. Hayes, will take notice that on the 29th day of March, 1918, William H. C. Woodhurst, County Judge of Lincoln County, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$85.85 in an action pending in the County Court of said Lincoln County, wherein Alvin W. Hughes is plaintiff and William A. Hayes is defendant. That property of the defendant consisting of One Elkar 1917 passenger automobile has been seized under said order, and the Mutual Building and Loan Association of North Platte, has been garnished.

Said cause was continued to the 1st day of May, 1918, at 10 o'clock a. m. By Hoagland & Hoagland, Attorneys.

Notice to Creditors.

Estate No. 1569 of Amanda M. Thomson, deceased in the county court of Lincoln county, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is August 31, 1918, and for settlement of said estate is April 26, 1919; that I will act at the county court room in said county, on May 31, 1918, at 9 o'clock a. m., and on August 31, 1918 at 9 a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

WM. H. C. WOODHURST,  
County Judge.

Notice of Partition.  
Estate No. 1569 of Marie L. Cohn, deceased in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, To all persons interested in said Estate take notice that a petition has been filed for the appointment of J. E. Evans as Administrator of said estate, which has been set for hearing hereon on May 2, 1918, at 9 o'clock a. m.

Dated April 23, 1918.  
Wm. H. C. WOODHURST,  
County Judge.